



THE SANDMAN'S STORY

By Mrs. F. A. Walker

TWO BRAVE BOYS.

When the firebells ring in the city and you know that a house is on fire, it does not frighten you, because you know that the brave firemen will be there soon and put out the fire.

But in the country there are no firemen or engines, and the people have cause to be alarmed when a fire breaks out.

Thomas and William lived on a farm. Thomas was fourteen and William twelve, but they were sturdy lads and knew how to work.

One morning their father and mother went on a city to be gone all day, and after the boys finished their work they went into the woods for berries.

They had filled their pails and were returning home when William said: "Father and mother must have come back early. I can see the smoke from the chimney."

Thomas did not answer for a minute, and then he said: "That smoke is not coming from the chimney; it looks as though one of the buildings is on fire."

Both boys ran as fast as they could, and then when they were nearer William said: "It's the barn, and we must get the horses out."

The poor animals were kicking about in their stalls and frantically tugging at their halters.

"We must wet our handskerchiefs and tie them over our mouths," said William, running to the pump. It takes more time to tell about it than it took the boys to do it. Then they ran into the barn and untied the two horses and led them out.

Thinking that they would look out for themselves, the boys began pumping water to pour on the flames.

They wet their heads again and went into the barn with pails of water, when the horses came running in and acting in the most frantic manner.

One of them knocked William to the floor, and in the smoke Thomas did not see him, and supposing that he would catch one of the horses, Thomas caught the other, and led him out and tied him to a tree.

When William did not appear he began to be frightened, for the flames were coming up through the door, but Thomas did not stop to think of it. He knew William was in the burning barn.

Wetting his face and head again, he ran into the barn. His feet struck something, and he felt to see what it



"I Can See the Smoke."

was. It was William, who had struck his head in falling, and the smoke had made him faint.

Thomas dragged him out and laid him on the ground and went back for the other horse that happened to be near the door just then. The flames had singed his tail and mane, and he was a sorry-looking animal. Thomas tied him to a tree, and then went to William.

He wet his face, and after a while he opened his eyes. "What is the matter?" he asked.

Thomas told him. "And now we must save the house and other buildings," he said, "by putting out this fire. You get the dinner horn," he told William, "and blow loudly as you can."

The pump was near enough to the barn, so that he did not have to run far, and Thomas pumped and carried pails of water and threw on the burning fire. His poor arms ached and his hands blistered, but he did not stop, and by the time the horn was heard by the farmer down the road, Thomas had succeeded in nearly extinguishing the flames. The lower part of the barn was damaged, but by his hard work Thomas had kept the fire from spreading and saved the house. He had saved his brother, also, for if Thomas had not been brave and gone into the smoking barn William would have been burned.

When their father and mother came home that night, they saw from the road that the barn was burned, and when the boys told them all that happened, they thought they had two brave boys.

When their mother kissed them good night she said, "I am proud of my heroes, but we must not forget the One who watched over and protected you, and thank him in our prayers."

Making Her Happy.

"I told you last Sabbath, children," said the Sunday school teacher, "that you should all try to make someone happy during the week. How many of you have?"

"I did," answered a boy, promptly.

"That's nice, Johnny. What did you do?"

"I went to see my aunt, and she's always happy when I go home again."

Keep Something in Reserve.

Don't tell all you know. Maintain some reserve. There is nothing more useless than a dry well.

Vital Point.

Houston Father—Of course you understand that there is no Santa Claus.

Little Son—Is this a philosophical discussion or merely a hint that I'm not going to get anything for Christmas—Judge.

Company Went Without.

Mother—Willie, where is the fisherman I sent you and Elsie to buy Willie—it began to melt, so we thought we'd better sit down and eat it.

TWO ODD OPTICAL ILLUSIONS

Three Circles Seem to Chase Each Other in Same Direction—Wire Hoops Are Quite Puzzling.

There are some tricks that can be played on a person's eyes which are pure illusions. Hold this paper a foot or more from your eyes and turn it gently round to the right or left in small circles, keeping your eyes fixed on the three rings.

As you move the paper round like the hands of a watch you will find that the rings in these circles seem to chase each other in the same direction, and the longer and more intently you look at it the faster they go.

Circles can be made with spokes in them which to some persons seem to be going in the opposite direction, but in which the paper is turned, but the illusion is not so perfect unless the circles are much larger than there is space for in this column.

Here is another curious optical illusion that has puzzled a great many persons who have tried to account for it.

If we suppose these to represent wire hoops, which of them is nearest you, A or B? The answer is that it is the one you first make up your mind is nearest you. But now if you look steadily at it for a few moments your eyes will get tired of that idea and will suddenly shift that hoop to the farthest away from you, in spite of your wishing to keep it as it was, and

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What Is Worn in Furs

The crisp days of autumn spur women up to the consideration of their needs, or desires, in furs, and the furrier's shop is soon caught in its annual whirlwind of business. In order to anticipate the rush, the stores and shops show advance models in August and advertise special values. A good many sales are made then, but not enough to relieve the pressure later. But styles become established, at any rate, and certain furs become leaders, often making a quick advance in price.

For the present season all furs are fashionable. Skunk or martin stands close to the head, with mink in the same class. Opossum fur, especially as a trimming, has sprung into a sudden vogue, for of every variety is selling freely and good Hudson seal brings a higher price than ever.

Martin and mink are among the "hard" furs. That is, they will wear longer than many others, and they bring a higher price than the less durable, or "soft" furs. But this is not an invariable rule, for certain rare

species of fox fur bring fabulous prices.

Neckpieces are moderate in width and length and many of them are decidedly short, worn about the neck like a high collar, with a short end hanging at the back and one at the side. A straight neckpiece is worn close up about the neck with ends crossing and both hanging at the back.

Muffs are worn in several sizes, but fashion clings to the larger ones. They are round or barrel-shaped and a few fancy shapes and patterns have been introduced.

A fine set of mink is shown in the picture. It is a conservative design, as it should be in such choice furs, for fine furs are somewhat independent of the whims of fashion.

When furs are to be selected an expert judge of quality will be needed, since there are so many grades of the same kind. Their value is considerably influenced by fashion, but the rarest furs—sable, mink, ermine and fox—constantly grow more valuable.

The little house gown of two materials is causing a great deal of attention just now. Every couturier seems intent upon rendering it more and more attractive, and fresh designs are made every day to add distinctive touches. The original design which is our small contribution to the gallery, while following certain accepted decrees, is yet quite a distinctive little scheme. "The favorite alliance of velvet and Georgette is the selected expression, and one that never fails to carry conviction. Favors are about divided so far as the skirt is concerned, the velvet, however, taking a certain assertive position in front of the skirt. The little sleeveless corse is slightly indeterminate, a square slice being taken out beneath the arm and suggesting that an under bodice of the Georgette is worn.

The sleeves are clearly of the latter, and note should be taken of their fashioning, the cut allowing of a decided droop at the back of the wrists, the fullness being subsequently drawn up on cords, with two ruffles as a finish. Another interesting decorative detail is silver or dull gold galon, both of which are very much in favor just now; while the vest, with its picturesque roll back collar, delicately picot edged, is supported by a high roll of the velvet. And this is but one of similar ideas that run into hundreds. As the cold weather advances, these dresses will be worn more than ever as a balance to the weight of a fur coat. And they have unquestionably come prepared to subside into a settled acceptance.

For afternoon or dressy wear there are smart little velvet coats, made with semitailored body, to which is attached a full circular peplum extending to the knees. Fur trims the collar and trims the cuffs.

Gift for an Invalid.

"During a recent illness the nicest thing I had given me was a little old-fashioned fur called a nightgale," so writes one suburban contributor, and she suggests the article as a gift for other invalids knowing its value by experience.

A pattern for the nightgale may be bought, but the article is easily shaped without one, as it is in one straight piece, with a cut six inches deep on one side. If it is worn in bed it buttons in the back and falls

over the chest and arms, protecting them from drafts; when the patient sits up, it is fastened in front.

A yard and three-quarters of soft wool material, 27 inches wide, three small pearl buttons and some skeins of wash embroidery silk for finishing, are the materials required.

Two belts are seen on many frocks—one at the normal waist line, the other a little below it, holding in the fullness of the gathered or plaited skirt.

body called to her, "Hello!" and she frowned and answered impatiently: "Line's busy!"

Great Advantage.

"What is your idea of the zero of joyment?"

"Why—er—a monologue on a phonograph."

"I know something less enjoyable than that."

"Yes!"

"A monologue on the stage. You can shut off the phonograph."

Spotted.

Mayor Riddle of Atlantic City said at a clam bake on the beach:

"You can tell, if you're clever, a vacationist's home position. All vacationists, of course, are not bankers or hoteliers or manufacturers of war munitions, though most of them look it."

"Yes, you can spot them out if you keep your eyes open. Thus, on a fishing excursion to the bank, it is easy to spot a Monday in a Paquin gown for a telephone girl because, as she was drawing in a founder, some-

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Confessions of a Mail Order Man

By Mr. M. O. X.

Revelations by One Whose Experience in the Business Covers a Range From Office Boy to General Manager

I ENTER THE MAIL ORDER BUSINESS.

With \$30 in real money in my pocket I made my way to another city, conserving all of this great wealth, for to me it was such, by saving railroad fare. I rode in a box car all the way and I had \$29 left when I decided that I had traveled far enough.

I didn't know the name of the city where I disembarked, nor did I care to know. It was all sufficient that I had escaped from the man who had abused and overworked me. He had charged me for the oil I used in the lamp at nights when I lay hidden behind the grocery counter and studied my books, for that was my one passion—to learn something. And I had learned, both from him and from the books.

It was early on Monday morning when I walked the street leading from the freight yards into the business part of the city. My \$29 lay snug in my pocket. Out in front of a dingy little store stood a son of Abraham, stretching his arms and blinking. He had just set out for display a variety of clothing, more or less worn, and this set me to thinking.

My clothes, of the cheapest, had been sadly mussed and torn during the railroad journey. I intended to look for a job, not in a small place, but in a big one, if I could get it, and I had been thinking of the thought that a job could be more easily obtained if I were well dressed.

I sauntered up to the display and looked at a suit that seemed just about my size.

"Good morning," said the clothier, "anything to fit me?"

"Surely," he replied, and seizing me by the arm he led me into his shop. The goods were secondhand, but this made no difference to me. He fitted me with a suit, shoes, hat, socks, handkerchiefs, shirts and underwear, all of which I tried on, even to the shirt, to see if they fitted me perfectly. The suit was well made, of good cloth and had a stylish look. He even took down from a shelf a fair-appearing valise, imitation leather, of course, but I did not know the difference.

"De whole outfit for fifteen dollars," he said, as he beamed a broad smile.

How startled I was! What a lump of money it seemed! I began to take the suit in a hurry. This much money, for these few articles, was one of despair. He saw that I was determined and as I took off one garment after another he began to take the dollars off his price. Before many minutes he was down to \$7, while I was down to—well, never mind—I was satisfied with the price and paid it.

Dressed in taste and good clothing, I started on my quest after a job. Many rebuffs did I receive. I realized that there were other boys from the country in the city after jobs. Good graces, how they have increased since that time.

It was four days before I landed a place. And it was not in a big store, either. I was directed to a place where a "young man" was wanted, through the kindness of a hardware dealer.

I was hired at \$5 a week. I went to work in a small room on the second floor of a big building. I packed 100 watches in wooden cases and the new boss took these cases and pasted labels on them. He had an express guide at his elbow and conferred at frequent intervals with an associate.

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